

The history

Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed*,

Vlis. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached
With that which heere his passion doth expresse?

Troy. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well
In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Is flam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy
With so eternall and so fixt a soule.

Harke Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* loue,
So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:

That sleeue is mine, that heele beare on his Helme:
VWere it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill
My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout
VWhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringd in Masse by the almighty sunne
Shal dizzy with more clamour *Neptunes* eare, in his discent,
Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diomed*.

Thier: Heele ticle it for his concupie.

Troy: O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:
Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.

Vlis: O containe your selfe;
Your passion drawes eares hether.

Enter *Eneas*.

Aene: I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:

Hektor by this is aiming him in Troy:

Ajax your guard stayes to conduct you home.

Troy: Haue with you Prince: my courteous Lord adiew,
Farewell reuoluted faire: and *Diomed*

Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

Vlis. Ile bring you to the gates

Troy. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt *Troy*, *Eneas* and *Vlisses*.

Ther. VWould I could meeete that roague *Diomed*. I would
croke like a Rauen, I would bode; I would bode: *Patroclus*
will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the
Parrot will not do more for an almond then he for a commo-
dious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing
else holds fashion. A burning diuell take them. Exit.

Enter

of *Troilus* and

Enter *Hektor* and *A*

And. When was my Lord so in
To stop his cares against admonif

Vnarme, vnarme, and do not figh

Hekt. You traine me to offend

By all the enetlasting gods Ile go

And. My dreames will sure pr

Hekt. No more I say.

Enter *Cassandra*

Cas. Where is my brother *He*

And. Here sister, arm'd and bl

Confort with me in lowd and de

Pursue we him on knees: for I h

Of bloody turbulence, and this v

Hath nothing beene but shapess

Cas. O tis true.

Hekt. Ho? bid my trumpet fo

Cres. No notes of sallie for th

Hekt. Begon I say, the gods h

Cas. The gods are deafe to ho

They are polluted offerings more

Then spotted liuers in the sacrific

And. O be perswaded, do not

It is the purpose that makes stron

But vowes to euery purpose mu

Vnarme sweet *Hektor*.

Hekt. Hold you still I say,

Mine honor keeps the weather

Life euery man holds deere but

Holds honor farre more preciou

Enter *Troy*

How now yong man, meanest r

And. *Cassandra* call my fath

Hekt. No faith yong *Troilus*

I am to day ith' vaine of chiuallr

Let grow thy sinews till their h

And tempt not yet the brushes

Vnarme thee go, and doubt th